

Poem by Alexander Graham Bell, March 1, 1864

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**1914 Aug 3 Beinn Bhreagh Recorder XVI 1864 MANY HAPPY RETURNS OF THE DAY
A SONNET**

Time, speeding, rules: all things compelled obey. Oh! May this king ne'er turn your love from me!

May every year's forced March, a blessing be, Your love recruiting, driving fears away.

Dear Guide! Nought can thy tender care repay: Each seeming harsh reproof was, now I see, An act of love: received—ungratefully, Recalling conscience forces me to say.

Feel not, amid the greetings of this morn, A Blank, because from sight my form has gone: Though I be absent, yet my heart's at home, Hailing thy Birthday, while my voice is dumb: Each absence makes me prize my home the more: Return shall find me—worthier than before.

March 1st. 1864. Alexander Bell.